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NORMAL COLLEGIAN.

"Ne tentes, aut perfice."

Vol. I.

Valparaiso, Ind., October 17, 1874.

No. 5.

A LYRIC.

BY SOPHIA MAY ECKLEY.

LEAVES of Memory, dead and withered,
In the heart's lone street ye fall
Rustling with a mournful cadence ;
To footsteps now beyond recall -
Footsteps of the Past, that echo,
In that street, now silent, drear
Grass-grown, where the wild weeds wel,
'Mid those leaves so dead and se.

Hollow gusts sweep down these vists,
Whirl those dead leaves round in feet,
Crumbling with a weary measure,
In the heart's deserted street.
Onward, though, my steps I hastene
Happy voices lured me on,
Silvery laughter, as from fountains
Flinging diamonds to the Sun.

And I heard the dead leaves rustle
In the distance, as I went,
As if touched by spirit fingers,
To a hushed and low lament ;
As the Autumn breeze swept o'er the
Singing of the days gone by,
Tenderly those dead leaves whisper
" Onward now thy path must lie.

From the dark wood then I hastened,
From those gaunt boughs, shaggy, bare,
From those thralls of Memory's shackles,
Which the soul's best thoughts enslave.

And I heard those laughing voices,
Saw sweet childhood there at play;
Saw the hearts ease for a hour,
In a dream of a happy day.

Where they played, a weary minstrel
Lay asleep upon the grass,
With his lute unstrung and dusty
Travel-stained and worn —
He had wandered too, they told me,
Singing, singing on his way,
Serenades by moonlight's glamour,
Madrigals at dawn of day.

But his lute had lost its music,
And its strings had snapped in wain,
Coming through that tangled forest
Beating through the mist and rain
Through those leaves of Memory, withered,
Through that same deserted street
Which recalled but vanished day dreams,
Faded visions! Hope's defeat!

But I touched him in his slumber,
Waked the minstrel from his dream ;
Bade him listen to the music,
Of those dead leaves on a stream
Winding from that distant forest,
Rippling slowly at our feet,
Toward that deep and silent river,
Whose wondrous flow, all calm and sweet,

Washes a far brighter landscape,
Where from the dead leaves flowers will rise.
To breathe of Love's eternal summer,
In happy, happy paradise!
His lute I lifted from the greensward,
Bade him string it all anew,
Not to dead leaves tune its numbers,
Not to Memory's sad review.

But to Hope—beyond Life's threshold,
Where we stood 'tween life and death,
In the shadows of Life's forest,—
In the fragrance of its breath !
And we parted—by that river—
To meet again ? O, who can tell ?
Only the dead leaves whispered, " Never,"
Only the dead leaves sang, " Farewell !"

—*Littell's Living Age.*

Written for the COLLEGIAN.

LORD DUNMORE'S DAUGHTER.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER IV.

YORK Town lay several miles to the eastward, on the York river, and here our fugitives soon arrived in safety. The splendid old war vessel still lay at anchor, gently riding the long swells of the rolling stream. A small boat was found at the shore, and of this the Governor's family availed themselves, and were soon receiving the warm welcome and congratulations of their friends, safe upon the deck of the royal vessel, and under the folds of the red cross of St. George. Little did they think that the town that they had left was to be the scene of the triumph of the American arms. Little did they think, as they sought the protection of the man-of-war, that it was long to be their prison, as well as their fortress of defense.

[illegible]

Alas for human expectations ! brilliant victory perched upon the ensigns of Americans, who occupied the proud and beautiful city, Norfolk, and in chagrin and deep dismay Lord Dunmore again retired to his ships. Meanwhile, where was poor Virginia ? Undoubtedly she remained upon the Hovey, still torn by anguish and suspense as she realized the danger to which her father was exposed, and the balance in which his wavering fortunes hung.

Faithful and loving friends still thronged about Lord Dunmore, notwithstanding his unfortunate reverses. They proved to the Governor, however, a source of the greatest alarm. They were drifting into a new and appalling danger—that of *starvation*. Alas ! that we are to continue so sad a narration—that Virginia's history does not close with the cruel blow that crushed her aching heart, but continue its rehearsal of physical as well as mental pain.

New Year's day dawned cold and clear upon the

starved and fainting fleet of Royalists. Fever had burned in the veins and paralyzed the frames of a large portion of their number. The groans of the sufferers, the wail of the dying, the cry of the starving around Lord Dunmore, were maddening. Food and assistance he must have at all hazards. The rich and proud city of Norfolk could supply him with both, if she would. He sent her a messenger, bearing a flag of truce, demanding them with the boldness and determination of despair. He was refused with contempt and scorn. The sufferings of Dunmore had driven him to madness, and for revenge he ordered the city to be set on fire. Let those who regard this wanton deed as diabolical, pause, ere they condemn him, and think upon his condition. The flames could not be extinguished, and spread with fearful rapidity. The air was full of the crash of falling timbers and the cries of the flying inhabitants. The flames shed a lurid light far out upon the dark waters of the bay, and lit up the majestic vessels with a glare of imposing splendor. The haggard crew gazed upon the spectacle with a mournful interest. The proudest, wealthiest, and most populous city of the Old Dominion was a sea of flames. This was of scarcely any benefit to Lord Dunmore, and he turned from the scene to the contemplation of a fresh danger that had arisen. The city was still burning, when a terrific wind burst upon the coast, which threatened the destruction of the fleet. The masts bent like reeds before the hurricane. The waves rolled in immense volumes about their vessel, bringing with them all the horrors of a storm at sea. Lord Dunmore now thought no more of colonial subjugation, but only of his life and the lives of his dear ones. All was now lost for the Governor, as well as for the daughter of the Old Dominion, and bowing to the terrific fury of the storm, the vessel continued on its dangerous way to the southward.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Do not be too sure that you are right in your opinions. Remember, if you are right in one particular, you may be wrong in others. Do not boldly contradict, but calmly express your reasons, and patiently bear with those whose understanding is less clear, or whose reason may be disturbed by passion. Rather than "It is" and "It isn't," or "You did" and "You didn't," say "It seems to me," or "I think it is," or "If I mistake not." Avoid all rude and ill-natured expressions, as calling one foolish, obstinate, or provokingly stupid. Our aim should be to advance the truth, not ourselves. It often happens that much time is wasted and temper lost in matters of no great consequence.

"HAZING" has been practically suppressed at Harvard college during the last two years, by the voluntary action of the present senior and junior classes. In order to secure the abstinence from a foolish and sometimes cruel practice, the dean of the faculty has sent a circular letter to the parents of the present sophomores and freshmen, requesting them to use their influence to prevent its renewal. The letter urges that it be abandoned entirely and forever by the voluntary action of the students. This is a good move.

UNKIND language is often sure to produce the fruits of unkindness that is suffering in the bosoms of others.

THE NORMAL COLLEGIAN.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 17, 1874.

I. G. RAWSON,

MANAGING EDITOR.

J. A. WEBSTER, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TACT IN TEACHING.

THE following able theory and simplified method of "tact in teaching," is taken from the *New York School Journal*, written by J. Elliot Ross. It expresses exactly our views upon the subject, and, coming from the pen of so able an author, should be regarded as meritoriously worthy of the attention of each and every one fitting himself for the responsible duties of teachers: "The ground intended to be covered by the caption, 'Tact in Teaching,' is a keenness of perception to discern, and ability to perform, that which peculiar circumstances or combination of circumstances may demand in the school room. A thousand and one little exigencies there are for which no work on teaching, however exhaustive, can provide an expedient. In such cases the teacher without tact will be unsuccessful. To illustrate: An orthography class is reciting. The word 'George' is given. John misses it, when it passes to James, who spells it correctly. John is required to spell it, but fails again; and though it be spelled for him a dozen times, and he attempt to as many times, still he fails. Now, it will not do to call him a dumb boy, and pass on; the teacher must have tact to enable the pupil to master the word. It has been done thus: 'What are the first two letters? What are the last two?' 'G and E.' 'How many letters in the word? The two middle letters are what?'—and the word is mastered. The highest diploma which the best college in our land can bestow can not make a successful teacher; nor, to be more precise, does it even indicate him. Some of the most learned in the profession are not embraced in the circle of the most successful. Why? They lack one of the essential qualifications of the successful teacher—*tact*. The teacher who binds himself down to the experience and methods of others is a failure, just as certainly as he who binds himself down to the textbooks. Stereotyped methods will not work in the school room any more than the text book questions are sufficient for any single lesson. It is well that we seek and obtain the experience and methods of others; but, after all, they are simply aids when viewed in the light of their real value.

But why speak of tact? Because it is lacking in a large majority of the instructors of the present day; and this, in a measure, because it is not properly appreciated by a large majority of those having control of the employment of teachers. It is not safe to conclude that a teacher is successful because he holds a high grade certificate. Some of the greatest bunglers in the school room can point to a normal school or college diploma, or a permanent certificate. This statement is made from personal observation. Let a man hold tenaciously to another's plan and he is a failure; let him dare to strike out for himself and he may succeed.

The sinew of tact is education. Success will not perch upon his banner who lacks either. Yet a moderate education combined with tact will en-

sure a greater measure of success than a liberal education without tact. Where this quality is lacking in the teacher, everything is a drag, and ere long there is developed a monotony in the daily routine of study and recitation which has contributed a vast number to the pitiable band of mental dyspeptics to be found among the American youth of the nineteenth century. Yet what can be done? The certificate of the applicant for a school does not indicate his tact, and hence, how is a board of control to judge? True, we have 'Theory of Teaching' on the certificate, but is not that a dead letter? If the applicant has had no experience in teaching he receives 'none' for 'Theory'; if he has taught one or two terms he receives 'middling'; more than that is 'good' and the next time he is examined his theory mark is No. 1. That is absurdity! The theory mark should embrace tact, and should be obtained by examination, as well as the mark for any of the branches he is authorized to teach. Nor would this be a difficult matter. County superintendents are, or at least should be, practical, skillful teachers. Such could easily direct the proper questions for ascertaining the amount of tact an applicant will employ in his 'theory.' The common school system is moving on, but still there is much deplorable dragging. The machinery often screeches like the 'hot box' on the railroad train. It needs lubrication. *Pour on more tact.*"

DUTY AND PLEASURE.

BY G. R. P.

Duty is that which a man is by natural, moral or legal obligations bound to do, or refrain from doing. Pleasure, on the contrary, is the gratification of the mind, whether right or wrong. God, or is the debt which man owes to his Maker. "He that would have perfection of pleasure," says Dr. Whichcote, "must be moderate in the use of it." Fleming writes that duty and right are relative terms. That if it is the duty of one part to do something it is the right of another part to expect or exact the doing of it.

Duty is something wearisome, but pleasure seeks only the easy paths of life. Duty beckons us to the stern realities of life, pleasure prompts us to lay the burdens on our fellow men. Duty points to the dark shores of sin saying, go and help them; but pleasure whispers stay, wait a little until the clouds are swept away. Duty says remember the sabbath day to keep it holy; pleasure says seek the pleasant companionship of friends, and reel in mirth until night. Duty admonishes us to honor our father and mother; pleasure bids us rejoice in our own ways. Duty tells us to love our enemies, bless them that curse us, and do good to them that hate us; pleasure bids us look upon them in trouble and pass by on the other side. Duty bids us enter in at the straight gate; pleasure beckons us down the broad pathway of ease. Duty remembers the reward; pleasure forgets the punishment. The whole duty of man is to fear God and keep His commandments. If we do this, duty and pleasure will no longer have separate aims. For duty would be a pleasure and pleasure the offspring of duty. We would no longer court pleasure except in the performance of duty. We would find her ways to be ways of pleasantness, and all her paths, paths of peace. Our lives will be successful, and when we go from time to eternity we will leave at least some fond memorial to mark the spot where we went down.

"If we but remember the golden text,
Duty first and pleasure next."

CHRONOGRAPHY.

BY BUSH-TRIMMER.

Now, moreover, the man Hall, of whom afore great things have been recorded, grew sore in love. For want of courage did his heart grow stiff; his soul wrought not its work of might. Then was he indeed cast down; in the midst of sore affliction wondered he all the day long. But as the cool breeze to the sultry summer noon, so was the face of one Alicia. Beautiful were the expressions of love, rich were her caresses, surpassingly soothing the tender sympathies of her character. Low were they twain one in heart; but, oh man, must thou in thy understanding judge which was the one? Great men of valor in those days were also multiplied unto the king, but in those days arose one of surpassing strength; manifold were the goodnesses, abundant the noble works of this great man. So with one accord was he called Spang, being the son of Sparling the farmer, the son of Sparling the blacksmith, the son of Sparling the horseman, the son of Sparling the climber, the son of Sparling the jabberer, the base of Darryl's sayings. Moreover all the excellencies of his fathers lost not in his blood, therefore was he called Sparling the printer.

Also it came to pass in those days that the maid Neva waxed old and said within herself, thee have I chose, thee will I follow; where thou art there will I also be. Now, moreover, the lad Potts was a little moved by her beguilements and thus said he: How have I been exalted; yea how exceedingly sharp; seeing that Axes are boiled down in the Potts.

Behold the infant Burton. What surpassing comeliness of form. What wisdom of things to come. Behold cometh thy condemnation. In the ways transgression are thy feet led. Go thou, I pray thee, go thou no more after vain things; for thy face be seen with them of female kind for very great will be thy sorrow.

more. Be thou found no more within the room H, and neither shall the maid Visa any more unto the sanctuary, for such things are an abomination to those who stand waiting.

Now, moreover, it came to pass that a great accident befell the young man J—. In a certain street in the city was there a deep pit of miry clay, howbeit by odds this young man chanced to fall therein. Now, well for him it was that one C. was near to listen to his cries and groans of distress, for great were his sorrows.

Now, the same C., hearing the voice of one as crying in a pit, he hastened there to give ear to the man J—. Then helped he him from thence, for he remembered that it was written when thy ox or thine ass shall fall into a pit on the Lord's day it is not unlawful to help it therefrom, so C. rejoiced greatly, seeing he had fulfilled the law.

UNDER new laws just issued, no national school in Russia is to be opened without official sanction and they are all to be placed under Government control. In each district this control will be exercised by a school council, the council to be composed of the marshal of the nobility, the school inspector and representatives of the Ministry of Education, the Minister of Home Affairs and the Episcopal Diocese and two members of the District Assembly and one of the Municipal Council, when the latter takes part in the maintenance of schools. The expense of establishing the system of control above described is estimated at 319,000 roubles. The subjects to be taught are religion, reading Russian and ancient Slavonic, writing, the first four rules of arithmetic and singing. Instruction is to be given in the Russian language, and those books only are to be used which are recommended by the Ministry of Education and the ecclesiastical authorities.—*Ex.*

THE NORMAL COLLEGIAN.

The NORMAL COLLEGIAN will be published every Saturday, until further notice, and can only be obtained by subscription. The terms are invariably in advance. Students, or others, leaving the college, will please give notice of their departure and future address. Subscriptions for one term, 3 months, 60 cents. Students desiring to obtain extra copies, can do so at reduced rates from the regular subscription price, by giving the managing editor notice a day or two preceding publication day. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

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—“Beautiful Snow.”
—Indian summer again.
—That new building is a fixed fact.
—Indiana 18,000 majority—Democrat.
—Porter county 196 majority—Republican.
—Are you going to Van Amburgh & Co's menagerie?
—The sessions of (Normal) Congress well attended.
—One of the gentlemen students spained his art while jumping, a few days since.
—President Hoffman has resigned his honorable position as Chief Executive. He wasn't impeached.
—We have heard from only three sessions this week. Are all the editors doing the duty assigned them?
—Active preparations have already been made for the erection of the new boarding hall by Prof. Brown, and will soon result in a fine three-story brick.
—J. Steinfeld has on hand, and is constantly receiving, the largest and best selected stock of men's and boys' clothing and gents' furnishing goods, and is bound to sell them cheaper than the cheapest. Give him a call. P. S.—The best merchant tailoring establishment in the city, and clothes made to order at reasonable rates.

—At the election last Tuesday, a certain student who was thoroughly posted as to the requirements to which he would be subjugated in order to secure his rights as a voter, informed the board of election, when asked, that his residence was “down in Whitley county.” It is needless to remark upon the consequences of this rash answer, but of course there was no remedy and one vote less.

—COOK STOVE AND DICTIONARY.—No well regulated household or school is complete without a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. We would as soon think of getting along without a cook-stove. A young man once bought two copies of Webster at the book store within a few weeks. When he purchased the second one the proprietors asked him what he was going to do with two. “Why,” said he, “I have just got married, and my folks won't let me take away from the house the dictionary. I first bought, so I am obliged to get another, as I can't get along without it;” and the young man was right.

—As one of the students was meandering his lonely way along the ups and downs of college hill a few evenings since, after the “sombre night had drawn his sable cloak about him,” meditatively peering his way through the immensity of darkened space, he suddenly realized a calamity had befallen him. A yawning chasm which the darkness had obscured from his vision suddenly enfolded him. Stunned and bewildered he uttered an agonizing cry for help which was answered by a gentleman happening to pass that way, who immediately assisted him from his perilous (?) position. It was with sorrow he soliloquized upon his sad misfortune and soiled apparel, and with vexation that he consigned the chasm and all its accompaniments to a certain torrid country.

—A lecture association has been organized in Valparaiso, which proposes to engage the most talented speakers that can be had to contribute to their series of lectures, among whom are Miss Minnie Swayze, Bayard Taylor, Eli Perkins, John G. Saxe, and others. The committee take pleasure in announcing that the first lecture in the course will be delivered on Monday evening, at the Methodist church, by Miss Minnie Swayze, subject: “Woman in the Purple.” Miss Swayze is well known as a lecturer of pleasing and graceful style, powerful eloquence, and rare oratorical ability. Speaking of Miss Swayze, the *New York Times* says: “Miss Swayze's lecture was interspersed with shafts of wit, delicate satire, and a pathos which held her audience, at times, in a breathless attention.” The students should all attend these lectures, as they are both profitable and instructive.

—The NORMAL COLLEGIAN, like the great Van Amburgh, endeavors to please every one. How much we accomplish by the above assertion will possibly be manifest by the attendance of the college to the monster menagerie on Wednesday, October 21st, for we expect to see the college largely represented, if it so suits the faculty to permit it. It must be said that the great Van Amburgh menagerie has all the animals worth having, and its patrons can attend, feeling assured that what they cannot find in this exhibition cannot be seen in any other. Their efforts are fully appreciated, not only by the press and pulpit, but by the general public.

—Some of the students were guilty of a grave misdemeanor one day this week. There is a certain room in the building that was ordered vacated while a recitation was in session below it. The request was not heeded, however, and during the session of a class taught by Prof. Brown, a great tumult was heard overhead. The Professor immediately sent to find out who were the participants in the general turmoil, and the student delegated to do so quietly stole into the room and had succeeded in taking down all their names before they were aware of his presence or object. He then told them they would all “graduate.” They were thunderstruck at this announcement, and awaited their doom with fear and trembling. The affair was adjusted, however, by their promising to subside in the future.

—’Twas the hour of 11 P. M. We were returning from the city, and had reached the walk that spans the raging torrent over which we must pass on our way to college. All nature seemed hushed in repose, and we were meditating upon the loneliness of our situation and the darkness of the night, when suddenly we heard the trample of hurrying feet, and barely had the time to step one side, when we beheld an unfortunate human being with clothes torn and dilapidated, hatless, and hair streaming in the breeze, approaching. Terror was stamped upon his features as he convulsively grasped our arms and peered into our face to determine our cognomen. Mutual recognition followed and his situation was explained. Who was it? Why the agitation? These interrogations we will leave for those to answer who were the cause of the terror so demonstrative by the unfortunate student.

—Fraud has again become prevalent in the commercial department. Two of the students wishing to amass a fortune of commercial lucre, and their stock in trade not being very extensive, resolved to replenish. Going to a certain printing office in the city, they ordered printed a *fac simile* of what is used by the class, viz: some small pieces of card-board about two inches in length and one-fourth of an inch in width, with the names of the different articles of merchandise printed thereon, agreeing to pay the sum of 50 cts. for the lot, and call for them the next day. We are requested to say that the stock of groceries, dry goods, real estate, etc., is waiting their disposal. It will be for the interest, to call around and obtain the articles, as they may be advertised in next week's *Vidette*, their names being known, and this would injure their mercantile aspirations. The commercial class had better “beware of counterfeits.”

—A very strange and melancholy circumstance, which we were loth to believe, has just been related to us, and was it not that the character of our informant is beyond the faintest shadow of suspicion, we should have hesitatingly consigned the communication to the oblivion of the waste paper basket. The story is, in truth, that one of the young ladies of the Normal has been showing unmistakable evidences that, in her mind, reason is slowly but surely being driven from the throne where it has so long held sway. The first conclusive evidence that any of her friends had of the erratic wanderings of her reasoning powers, was given by her strange actions of last Sabbath evening, though many things which were before attributed to her absence of mind now seem to have a more rational explanation. Upon the evening in question she had started out, shortly after dusk to take a walk with a friend. For several hours before, she had seemed remarkably quiet and almost melancholy. They had proceeded but a short distance from the college, when the sky became suddenly overcast with dark storm clouds, accompanied by the ominous patter of a few rain drops. Almost in a moment, too, the young lady seemed to change from the pensive thoughtful being which she had been, to a gay, laughing creature; but in her laugh was a hard metallic ring, which struck a chill to the listener's heart. Her actions now became very strange indeed. Suddenly she would stop, glance upward to the threatening sky, and laugh the soft-freezing laugh, then would walk on rapidly for a few moments, when she would abruptly turn round and desire to return, but before proceeding a dozen steps would pause and turn back again as suddenly as before. The threatened storm departed almost as quickly as it came, and with it seemed to pass away the young lady's strange mental aberration. Since that time her friends have been watching her very closely, but nothing unusual with her can be noticed, except a far-away pensive look that seems ever to possess her soft gray eyes.

—We are pleased to announce to our readers, that at last, even though it may be at the eleventh hour, action has been taken upon the proposed plan of erecting a commodious building for the accommodation of all the students who may propose to attend the Normal in the future. A meeting was called for last Wednesday evening by some of the leading citizens, with the view to adopt a plan by which a new building might be erected upon a “profitable basis.” According to appointment the meeting was called to order at 7:15 P. M., about eight or ten persons being present. This was rather discouraging, and had the effect of somewhat dampening the proceedings. It was inferred by those in attendance that, on account of the recent election, the minds of those interested in the welfare of the college were diverted in that direction; hence the apparent neglect. A committee was however appointed to solicit subscriptions, and secure the assistance of those who were inclined tender their aid to Prof. Brown in this enterprise, thereby benefitting themselves also, and the meeting then adjourned to meet on Friday evening. The committee succeeded without much effort, be it said to the credit of Valparaiso, in accumulating the required funds. In view of this fact, and grateful to the citizens for their interest in and substantial aid to the success of the Normal, the gentlemen students in part determined to turn out *en masse* on last evening, and express their heartfelt thanks for the favor bestowed upon their beloved Professor and adopted college home. But by some means a satisfactory arrangement had been arrived at, by which it was deemed unnecessary for the adjourned meeting to hold its session at the appointed place and evening as had been previously understood, and when the delegation arrived at the court house and learned the particulars, they were not disposed to utter maledictions, but repaired to the mail depot, and from thence retraced their footsteps to the college, meeting and congratulating Prof. B. on their homeward march. This event secures the permanent success of the Normal.

—Last Tuesday, election day, was the scene of no little commotion among the students entitled to a voice in the election of those who were to represent the interests of the people of the State, and direct and enforce the laws of the county in which they now reside. It is singular how contemptible and outrageously mean some persons calling themselves *men can be*. Gentlemen of culture, refinement, and personally dedicated to the interests of this State and county, are not susceptible to the spleen and shameful treatment of a few unsophisticated “wire-workers,” as those who look it upon themselves to deny them the right of suffrage to which they were justly entitled. We defy those who are so eager to establish the proof of the illegality of a student to vote, to bring forth from the chaos of their corrupt sensibilities their refuting documents. Ever since the students came here to attend to their educational interests and make this their present permanent home, they have been treated with the utmost contempt in this respect. At the election of last spring, when the issue of temperance *vs.* intemperance was before the citizens of Valparaiso, then, in that instance, as now, they were nearly compelled to defend their rights by force, and were subject to all the insults of a degenerated public that could be brought against them. At the recent election the scene was repeated with remarkable perseverance. Some of the students were of course strangers to nearly, if not all the citizen. It was therefore deemed proper by some, who were sensibly inclined and willing that justice should be done those who were lawfully entitled to their suffrages, that a transfer of real estate should be made to some student or students acquainted with all attending the college, and that said student or students being then and there qualified by all the rights and privileges of a freeholder, should be authorized to sign the affidavits which the challenged party should present, if personally known by him to be a resident of the State. This plan worked admirably, and nearly 100 students smuggled their votes where they were justly entitled to do so, greatly to the disgust of a few who were avariciously suspicious as to whether it would be for their interests to permit the fraud. Without a single exception, we have ascertained that every student was subjected to the same insult, and that, too, by the same member of the board of election that informed the students of last spring's election that “if he thought they were illegal voters he would eject every d—d one of them if he had to go to the penitentiary the next day for it,” and it became so popular and exceptionable to that class, that at last the affidavits were made out in advance by the student legally a voter, and when a student was seen approaching all ceremony was laid aside and the affidavit demanded in advance of the vote and minutely examined. Such absurdity should be done away with. What gain is there in thus “kicking against the pricks?” The students will not be bluffed while the present law that affirms them to be duly entitled to their suffrages is in existence. The wording of this irreparable law is exquisitely arranged, and perfectly applicable in the course pursued by the “ballot stuffers” of the Northern Indiana Normal School.

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